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HOURS WITH MEN AND WOMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

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On the 4th of March, 1853, I stood for nearly two hours in the open area at the eastern front of the Capitol at Washington, with thousands of my fellow-citizens, pelted with sharp sleet driven by a keen northeast wind, to witness the inauguration of the fourteenth President of the United States. I had no "friends at court" to secure shelter for me under the superb and spacious portico of the Capitol, where the great officers of State, of the Judiciary, of the Army, of the Navy, and foreign ministers were congregated.

For the purpose of this quadrennial coronation of a Chief Magistrate of the Republic, a rude platform of rough boards had been erected over the entrance steps of the Capitol. The whole ceremony was severely simple. The recipient of the exalted dignity about to be conferred was clad in a plain suit of black cloth. A small mahogany table covered with a red cloth, of the value of five dollars, and bearing a Bible, a brown stone pitcher full of cold watter, and a tenpenny tumbler, constituted the entire paraphernalia. With his head bared to the pelting storm, and his right hand lifted toward Heaven before the Chief Justice of the United States, the new President pledged his fidelity to the Constitution by affirmation.

Then turning to the mulitude present, an integral of the whole power which he represented, he enunciatee the fundamental principles which should govern his actions. The President bowed and retired, and that was the end of the matter.

How little—how exceedingly insignificant to the true philosopher and hopeful apostle of freedom— would any ruler by the grace of bayonets and gunpowder have appeared upon that platform of New Hamshire pine, with all his gaudy trappings and pomp of manner, by the side of Franklin Pierce, the chosen servant of State of a mighty people, who stood there in all the dignity of a true sovereign, but undistinguished in form and bearing from the humble citizen, by ribbon or cross, by star or garter, by scepter or crown!

Among those who sat under the shelter of the grand portico of the Capitol on that occasion was George Washington Park Custis, the adopted son of the "Father of his Country," the first President of the nation, and the only survivor of the executors of the great patriot's will. He was present when his foster-father took the oath of office administered by Chancellor Livingston, in the street gallery of the old City Hall at New York, sixty four years before. He had witnessed the inauguration of every President from Washington to Pierce. Unmindful of the wind and sleet, he had crossed the Potomac from Arlington House in an open boat, to assist at the august ceremonial. I accepted his cordial invitation to spend a few days at Arlington House, where I had been a guest a few times. I crossed the ferry at Georgetown the first bright morning thereafter, and found Mr. Custis in his studio giving some touches to his picture of "The Surrender at Yorktown."

The mansion (yet standing) occupies a commanding site over three hundred feet above tide-water, overlooking the cities of Washington and Georgetown with the broad Potomac flowing between. The building is of brick, and presents a front, including the two wings, of one hundred and forty feet. The grand portico, having eight massive Doric columns, occupies an area of sixty feet front and twenty-five feet in depth. A park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut trees, and cultivated on the river bank, sloped eastward from the front; and behind the mansion was an old forest abounding with patriarchal trees centuries old, and covering hills and dales over eight hundred acres. A portion of this forest has since disappeared, and the soil is occupied by the remains of thousands of Union soldiers who perished in the great Civil War of 1861—65. On the verge of this cemetery stands a chaste marble monument erected to the memory of Mr. Custis.

Near the northern end of the mansion stood a venerable weeping-willow, the offspring of a twig plucked by a young British officer from the famous willow, planted by Pope at Twickenham, and presented to the father of Mr. Custis by that officer at Cambridge in 1775. That twig, which the elder Custis planted at Arlington, became the progenitor of all the weeping-willows in the United States.

Arlington House was plethoric with precious memories of the Washington and Custis families, consisting of some rare works of art plate, china, furniture ornaments, and a large quantity of valuable manuscripts. On the walls hung a Kit Kat portrait, life size, of Colonel Daniel Parke, the ancestor of Mr. Custis, who carried to Queen Annie the news of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. It was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Near it hung a picture of an old Reformer, painted by Van Dyke.

There also were the 3-4 length portraits of Daniel Parke and Martha Custis by Woolaston. There were other portraits of the Washington and Custis families. One of these was the portrait of Washington in the costume of a Virginia colonel at the age of forty years, painted by Charles Watson Peale. Near this picture, suspended from the ceiling, was a lantern, formerly the property of Lawrence Washington, which hung in the great passage at Mount Vernon fully eighty years.

There was also the black-walnut sideboard used in the dining-room at Mount Vernon, of elegant workmanship; Washington's massive silver tea-service, made at New York in 1789 of the old family plait; also pieces of the Severs porcelain dinner and tea-set called "Cincinnati china" because they were presented to General and Madam Washington, with the elegant jeweled Order of the Cincinnati by French officers, and bore pictures of the order delicately painted. In all the rooms were pieces of furniture, and many other objects which were once at Mount Vernon. In an upper chamber was the bed on which Washington died, held too sacred for use; and in another room was the large war-tent or marquee of the General which was used at Yorktown. It was incased in two large leather pouches.

On my first visit at Arlington House, in 1848, I saw a living relic of the Washington family more interesting than all the rest. Mrs. Custis nee Fitzhugh, a charming woman, Christ. like in character and disposition, and saintlike in her works of benevolence and her perennial goodness, then presiding over the household at Arlington. She was like a mother and guardian angle in her care for the physical and spiritnal comfort of their slaves, and was a blessing to the poor far and near. She was a most gentle creature—slight in frame, sweet in the exspression of her fair face; her voice was soft and musical, and she retained much of her early personal beauty. Her piety was fervd but unostentatious, and her presence was like sunlight in a room. She conducted family worship morning and evening, while her husband invoked a blessing at every meal.

On the morning after my arrival at Arlington House in 1848, Mrs. Custis, when ready to read the Scriptures, stepped to a room near by and led out a very aged colored woman, not of pure African blood, who was much afflicted with rheumatism. Mrs. Custis helped her to kneel by her side during prayer, and then assisted her to rise and to return to her room. After the door was closed I made inquiries concerning the old woman.

"She is the last survivor of the bondservants of the Washington family at Mount Vernon," Mrs. Custis remarked. "I do not know her age precisely, but I think she must be nearly ninety years old. She remembers the hunting-parties at Mount Vernon before the Revolution. She was such a good care-taker of children that she became the nurse of Mr. Custis and his sisters in their infancy. On the death of Mrs. Washington she remained at Mount Vernon in the family of Judge Washington, who inherited the estate, until we were married, in 1804, when at her earnest request she came to live with us and became the nurse of our four daughters, only one of whom (May, the wife of Colonel Lee) grew to womanhood. Eleanor, who lives with me, was Mays nurse or care-taker from her fourth year to her twelfth year, Westford, Judge Washington's servant, is her nephew and is yet at Mount Vernon. They much resemble each other."

"Is she inteligent and is her memory trustworthy?" I inquired.

"She is remarkably inteligent, and her memory of events in her earlier years seems perfectly clear."

"Would it be agreeable for me to have some conversation with her?" I inquired.

"Perfectly so," responded Mrs. Custis. "She is a little deaf, but you can easily make her understand you."

Mrs. Custis went to her room, and soon returning, said, "You can see her an hour after breakfast."

I found the aged woman sitting in an arm-chair knitting stockings, her room in perfect order. Seated near her it was easy to converse. Her dialect was that of the colored people in general, which I shall not attempt to imitate in this record. I made many inquiries of her touching the daily life of her master and mistress, and received satisfactory answers. I asked her if she remembered the young Martha Custis—the dark lady—who died before she was seventeen years of age.

"In course I do," she answered. I "was a smart gal, almost as old as she was. Oh, she was so purty and so good! It seemed as if the Lord wanted her, sure, and thought she was to good to stay in this wicked world. Her dying made master and mistress almost sick and very sorry a long time they loved her so; and poor master Jack, her brother, took it so hard we thought he'd go crazy. But somehow he soon got over it. I 'spects it was 'cause he got in love with Miss Nelly Calvert, and married her soon afterwards. She was so purty, too! They lived at Abington, not far from Mount Vernon, most of the time after the war was begun; and I lived with them from the time when their first baby was born untill Master Jack joined master to go and fight Cornwallis. Then he left young mistress and her four children at Mount Vernon.

"Master Jack, as you call him, never came back alive," I said.

"Oh, he did not!" she exclaimed. "It was dreffful, dreffful! He was so good, and every body loved him so. Oh, it wos so dreffful! I was building a fire in mistress' room one frosty morning just at daylight," she continued, "when there was a loud knock at the west door. I ran and opened it, and there stood a soldier holding the bridle of his very sweaty horse, who handed me a letter, and said, 'tell your mistress that Cornwallis is whipped and a prisoner.' I ran and told her. She was very happy and thanked the good Lord. Then she sent me to tell the stable-boy to take care of the soldier's horse and tell the soldier to stay to breakfast. When I came back mistress was just dressed. She went to Master Jack's room to tell the good news to his wife. When she came back she opened the letter. It was from master, and told her that Master Jack was very sick at the house of his uncle, Colonel Bassett, at Etham, in Kent, and might not get well. Oh, how troubled the poor woman were The coachman was ordered to make the big carriage and best horses ready as quickly as possible, and as soon as we had breakfasted the two woman, the two younger children and me to take care of them, started for Eltham We traveled all day and a greater part of the night as fast as we could, stopping only to feed the horses. We found Master Jack dying with the camp fever' so Dr. Craik told us.

"Master came at daybreak. He rode all night. A few minutes after he came Master Jack died. Then master and mistress were alone for a while, and young mistress, I and the children were in another room. By and by master and mistress came in. He took young mistress' hand and said many kind words to comfort her. She was crying and sobbing as if her heart would break. Mistress told me afterwards that he said to the poor mother, that he would take the two children that were there, Nelly and George, and bring them up as his own. And he did. Nelly, who was then nearly three years old, and George, who was a baby, lived at Mount Vernon until master himself died. George—Mr. Custis—lived there until mistress died, more than two years afterwards." Were you in the room when your master died?" I asked. I was there a few minutes before. I came up to the room—it was an uper chamber—with something. I remember Christopher (who had taken the place of old Billy as master's bodyservant) and his wife Charlotte, and Molly the seamstress, standing at one end of the room, looking much troubled. A few minutes afterwards Molly came down and told me master was dead."

"And you were with your mistress when she died?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; "all the time, for I was to her what Christopher was to master. She died of fever. That morning I brought into her room a large bunch of flowers from the field, for it was a warm day in May. I remember how sweetly she smiled. The fever had left her and she was very pale and so weak she could hardly speak in a whisper. Oh, she was so good! She appeared to me like an angel lying there. At dusk that night she was an angel, for she had gone to heaven.

A few weeks after my visit at Arlington House, in the spring of 1853, Mrs. Custis departed from earth, and in the fall of 1853 her husband followed her. The spirit of the last relic of the bondservants of the beloved patriot departed in the summer of 1856.

BENSON J. LOSSING, L. L. D.

I want to be a kicker, and with the kickers stand; to find fault with everything on earth, and in the promised land. I'll kick about my crown and wings, and about the big white throne, and kick about the pavements as through the pearly streets I roam. The man that never kicks at all is a meek and humble fool, for I am a kicker from Kickerville and my patron saint is mule.—Kicker.—Ex,

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

FARM MORTGAGES.

Some of our correspondents are referring to articles recently published in Democratic free trade papers as to the vast sum total of mortgages upon farm property. They of course attribute these mortgages to the tariff. If a cyclone should utterly destroy the rural buildings and cities in half a dozen states, we have no doubt somebody would blame the tariff for it.

The next man who quotes the total amount of farm mortgages at you, ask him the total value of the farms in the state—not the assessed valuation, but the real value—and what proportion the mortgage total bears to the total value. Then ask him the total value of all the wholesale and retail business houses in the state, and the total amount of borrowed capital which they owe. Have him make the same proportion as in the other case. The result will astonish you and silence him.

For it is a fact that agriculture is as much a business as making reapers, or cloth, or flour, and that men go into it, as they do into any other business, on borrowed capital. A year of dull trade brings thousands of business men, engaged in merchandising or manufacturing, to failure and bankruptcy. A year of short crops does the same, though to a far less extent, for the farmers. To say that the tariff is responsible because men go into farming without enough money to do so free of debt, is as absurd as to say that the tariff is responsible because a village merchant don't pay cash for all his stock.

Again, farming, in these days of close competition and improved methods, is a business that cannot be successfully pursued by a man unless he is wide-awaked, intelligent, and progressive. Our sharpest and shrewdest farmers have no mortgages on their lands. The competition is not yet as sharp as it is in other lines of business, and hence we have a greater proportion of failures among men engaged in trading and in manufacturing than among our farmers.

These are facts that no intelligent man can gainsay. The tariff does not cause farmers to borrow money. We have been suffering since 1883 from too great extension of agriculture and from an enormous overproduction, not only in this country, but all over the world, of agricultural products.

To reduce the tariff will not make wheat one cent higher—nor corn, nor beef, nor any other agricultural product. It will make nothing cheaper to the farmer—for the prices he pays depend far more on other causes than on the tariff. Coffee and tea are cases in point. They used to pay a duty, and what the free traders called a heavy an outrageous one. A Republican Congress removed that duty some eight or ten years ago, and put coffee and tea on the free list. Yet coffee and tea are as high to-day as they were before the duty was taken off. Several causes contribute to this, the chief one being the profits made by the middle-men.

Tea and coffee go through at least a half dozen hands before they reach the farmer; each one of these half dozen must make a profit, and the farmer pays these intermediate profits. So it would be in any other case.—Ex.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

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And oblige R. M. Wright & Co.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Do not feed too much corn to laying hens, but feed a good meal of it during severe weather, as it is the best material known for promoting warmth.

—Do not fill a kerosene lamp quite to the top, or the oil will feed up the wick and run over the outside, ready to perfume the hands of the first person who touches it.

—Manure that is "fire-fanging" (as it will sometimes do when the heap is very large) should be turned over, as the heating process, if allowed to continue, may cause a loss of ammonia.

—The tendency of lime is downward, and when applying it the best mode would be to broadcast it over the surface of the ground and allow it to so remain until ready for spring plowing.

—Hominy Pudding.—One cup of boiled hominy, one and a half pints of milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sugar. Pour into buttered pudding dish, and bake twenty minutes.

—Sunlight is as essential to animal as vegetable life. Physicians say the number of patients cured in hospital rooms exposed to the rays of the sun are four times as great as those confined in darkened rooms.

—Sweet Wafers.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, half pound sugar, half pound of flour, five eggs, beat in separately. Bake in wafer irons well greased, and when done roll over a knife and sprinkle sugar over them.

—Small fruit trees can be protected from mice in winter by this means. Melt up your old tin cans, so that the solder will be all melted off, then wrap the tin loosely around the tree snug to the ground. This protection can be applied to small fruit plants when set out, as a guard against cut-worms.

—To season glass and china ware to sudden changes of temperature, so that it will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold, is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must gradually be brought to the boiling point and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the material the more care in this respect is required.

—Many persons not fond of rabbit have eaten them when cooked this way: Wash and wipe them off nicely, and cut open through the front; lay them in a dripping pan, season with salt, pepper, flour and butter. Pour over just enough hot water to keep them from burning. Bake in the oven nearly an hour. As the water cooks away, more must be added. When done, make gravy in a pan just as you would for any kind of a roast.

—Peking ducklings at three or four months old make a desirable dish, if they are well fed from the swell and fattened on cooked ground oats and corn, with potatoes added. They are also very hardy if not inbred, and stand our cold winter weather remarkably well. They are early layers, and continue with only short intermission until late in the summer. They thrive rapidly and when matured will ordinarily weigh from twelve to fourteen pounds per pair.

THEATRICAL TEARS.

Their Physiology Discussed by a Famous Medical Periodical.

The question of theatrical tears, and whether they be produced by the actor independently of real emotion, has lately been discussed. The question is not without interest, and has been answered in various ways by different actors, some contending that the highest art in this direction is only seen when the artist "feels" his part; while others state that emotional conditions in the actor are fatal to the highest form of theatrical art. To how large an extent our emotions are under control is patent to everybody, for much of our early education is devoted entirely to the formation of habits of control in this direction. Emotions are mainly reflex phenomena, and are produced as the result of thoughts, sounds or sights. It is very doubtful whether an actor can stir up in his audience the higher emotions unless he abandon himself to the situation of the play, and himself feels to some extent the sorrows or terrors of the scene. An actor who can only manage to stir the emotions of the most easily moved of his audience, whether to laughter or tears, has gone a good way toward success; for emotional states are so infectious that the sound or sight of tears or laughter is sure to cause the prevailing emotion to spread. The really great actor, however, must be capable of doing something more than merely touch the biggest fool of the audience—he must make his audience absolutely forgetful of itself, and be himself the direct, and not the indirect, cause of the emotional state into which it is thrown. To do this the actor must be himself a person of intense feeling, and must for the time experience the emotion he is seeking to portray. Really great acting is a matter of feeling rather than of reasoning intelligence, and we doubt whether an actor who studies and puzzles too much over the subtleties of the author is not in danger of checking the manifestations of his histrionic genius. It is a well known fact that Master Betty, the "infant Roscius," could, as a boy, stir the higher emotions of the audience by his portrayal of Shakespeare's masterpieces (the subtleties of which he most certainly could not understand), but that his power was, so to say, knocked out of him by a university education, which probably brought home to him the shortcomings of his performances, and, by teaching him to reason about his character, prevented the feeling portrayal of the prevailing emotions. Two of the greatest actors of the present age—Salvini and Ristori—both belong to the emotional Italian race, and it is impossible to believe that during the portrayal of their most successful parts they are not entirely forgetful of themselves and engrossed by the emotions of the scene. —*London Lancet*

—Tact is not talent, but it is often the best substitute for it.